OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."....SHAKSPEARE.

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THE OBSERVER.

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POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Raise high the rocky monument,
And deep in earth its arches lay;
It should be deep and broad and high
To tell to time of such a day.

I spurn ev'ry needless ornament,
In simple grandeur let it tower;
They were a plain unvarnish'd race
That struggled here with Britain's power.

It need not kindle up the flame
Of hate and discord burning low,
A noble mind feels no disgrace
In owning virtue in a foe.

Britain herself would scorn the sons
That, where such Father's fought and bled,
Should let oblivion's wild weeds grow,
And raise no pillar o'er their bed.

Raise high the rocky monument,
And deep in earth its arches lay,
The good and brave in ev'ry clime
Will look with pride on such a day.

The bird of Liberty shall come
And whet her beak upon the pile,
And fame shall blow her trumpet there,
And grief forget her woes, and smile.

The Bard shall love to linger here,
While twilight draws her curtain round,
And Fancy to his gazing eye
Shall people o'er the battle ground.

The old redoubt shall rise again,
And Warren lead the unequal fight,
And midst the cannon's dreadful glare,
Putnam shall lift his arm of might.

And while he marks each glowing cheek,
The lightning in each patriot eye,
His harp shall strike a bolder note,
His bosom beat with ardor high.

Perchance when years have roll'd along
And we are cold beneath the clay,
Some sorrowing hero here may come
And mourn his land's degen'racy.

But let no Tyrant ever dare
His footsteps on such earth to press,
Lest the indignant rocks should start
And crush the wretch to nothingness.

Raise high the rocky monument,
And deep in earth its arches lay,
A nation cannot well be slaves
While it remembers such a day. M.

"JOHN BULL IN AMERICA,"

OR THE NEW MUNCHAUSEN."

A work, by Mr. Paulding, bearing the above title, has recently appeared in this country. We have seen a number of extracts from it, and by them we are induced to believe that those who may wish to shake their sides with laughter would find competent materials by a perusal thereof. The following extract exhibits one of John Bull's laudicrous adventures on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

"Two or three dogs saluted me as I rode up, with a republican growl, which were chid by a shrill voice, crying—'be quiet Nap; get out Cæsar, you villain.' The dogs obeyed the voice, and sneaked away.

'Who's there?' continued the same voice.

'A traveller,' replied I, 'who is benighted, and in want of food as well as rest. Can you accommodate me for the night?'

Here was a pause of a minute, during which the female went into the house to consult the master, as I supposed, for at the expiration of that time a man came forth, and in a hoarse voice said to me:

'We can give you a bed and supper, such as they are. Alight sir, and my boys will see to your horse.'

I accordingly entered the house through a door which opened directly into a large room, at one end of which there was a brick fire, which served instead of candles. 'Sit down,' said the old man, handing me a straw bottomed chair, 'and we will see what we can get you for supper. Clementina!' said he raising his voice.

'I'm coming, daddy,' answered somebody, and forthwith in came Clementina, a damsel of at least six feet in her stockings. She looked like a sibyl, with eyes as black as a coal, wild as those of an antelope, and long lank hair, glossy and straight, hanging about her neck and shoulders. I confess I felt rather odd at seeing her, but my feelings were nothing to those which rushed over me on the entrance of the two *boys* as the old man called them. They were at least seven feet high, raw-boned and savage in their aspect, with nothing on them but a linen shirt and trowsers. Though I came in a fashionable gig, and was dressed in the most fashionable travelling costume, they seemed not to feel the least embarrassment at my presence, but took chairs and sat down at my side with the genuine air of republican insolence. I tried all I could to look dignified, but in spite of myself could not repress certain apprehensions, which gradually came over me, and undermined my sense of superiority. The old man and his wife, who by the way though apparently advanced in years, were as tall and as straight as the rest of them, asked me a great many questions in the way of guessing and reckoning, while Clementina bestirred herself in preparing and bringing in the supper.

When it was ready they all sat down without ceremony, and with as little ceremony invited me to follow their example. Here was a practical illustration of the blessings of equality; but I was determined to put up with their insolence for one night. The supper consisted of loads of meat, ham, venison, game of various kinds, in quantities sufficient to feast an army. I began to sum up the probable amount of my bill, as I concluded I should have to pay for the feastings of the whole family and what was left besides. 'Help yourself,' said the old man, 'and don't be a stranger. I'm sorry we have nothing better; but you're heartily welcome.' 'Most people are welcome, thought I for their money, but I said nothing.

'We cannot afford tea and coffee,' continued the old man, 'but here is some old whiskey that I hope you will like. Come, help yourself, and here's to old Hickory.

My stomach turned at the very smell of this execrable beverage, but recollecting the republican custom of roasting their particular friends by a log fire for refusing to drink, I thought fit to help myself, and make as if I drank. In this way supper passed off smoothly enough, and the old man then directed Clementina to make arrangements for the night. 'You boys will be obliged to give up your room to the stranger, and Clementina will make you up one in the corner here.' While this was doing, I amused, or rather perplexed myself in looking about the room, and wondering where these people could procure such luxuries as venison and wild game. But as the light flashed in a remote and obscure corner on one side of the fireplace, I was struck with horror at seeing three rifles hanging one below the other upon hooks fixed in the wall. The whole truth flashed upon me at once. I am in a den of banditti, thought I, and my moments are numbered. They will murder me to night, and none will know my wretched fate. The old man will lay out all my money to-morrow in whiskey; the boys will go a courting in my new gig, dressed in my dandy coats, and Clementina will figure in my patent corsettes. I burst into tears at the awful anticipation.

'What ails you?' said the old man.

'May-be he has got the stomach-ach, quoth the old hag, who now began to look just like one of the great unknown's remarkable old women.

'Take a little more whiskey,' said Clementina, with a look of diabolical tenderness.

At first I was going to reject it with infinite contempt, but on second thoughts, and considering what I had to go through that night, I determined to fortify myself with Dutch courage after the manner of the Yankees, and if I must die, die like immortal Cæsar, with decency.

'Your bed is got ready,' said Clementina, but I determined to sit up and defer my fate as long as possible. They now began to yawn and one after the other retired, wishing me good night, until decency obliged me to follow their example. My room opened directly from that in which we were sitting, and where the two boys were to sleep, no doubt, as I felt assured, to be handy for murdering me. I retired to my room, the door of which I attempted to fasten, but there was nothing but a latch. I looked at the sheets, but they were white as snow, Clementina having, as I concluded, taken the precaution to pick out a pair that was not stained with blood, so as not to alarm me. I looked under the bed, and discovered something that greatly resembled a trap door, with leathern hinges."

"This discovery overset me entirely. I paced my room to and fro, and listened in breathless anxiety to every sound. If a mouse stirred, my heart leapt into my throat. I heard the owl and the whippoorwill, those ill-omened birds, screeching and flapping their wings at my windows and mingling their shrill warnings with the distant howlings of half famished wolves. I was determined not to lie down, for fear of going to sleep, and at length to while away the time, took up the 58th No. of the Quarterly; but this only added to my boding apprehensions. As I read of the biting, ——, and gouging, bundling, dirking and roasting alive on red hot coals—of ten dollars being the price of a man's life in this country, and of all the diabolical horrors of turbulent democracy, my spirit failed me and I sunk insensibly on the floor. How long I remained in this inconscious state, I cannot say, but I was roused at length by a noise of mingled howlings, barkings, cacklings and crowings, that entered into my very soul. Presently I heard a stirring in the next room, and a light shone through my key hole. It's all over with me now, thought I my time is come—"now I lay me down to sleep," said I to myself, and waited in desperate suspense. At length I continued to look through the key-hole, where I saw a sight that froze me into horror. The two young banditti had taken down their rifles, and while loading them the following dialogue ensued in whispers:

"Damn him, but I'll do his business; I'll give him his bitters."

"Hush!" replied the other, "you'll wake the gentleman."

Again there was a confused noise of howling, and cackling without. Now is our time said one, and both of them made, not for my door, but for that which led into the yard. I breathed again for a moment until I heard two guns go off at a little distance. They are murdering some poor unfortunate travellers thought I, and my time will come next. In about half an hour they returned and threw something that fell like a dead heavy weight on the floor.

"By God we've done it for him at last," said one—the rascal fought like a tiger; let's strip the gentleman of his hide."

"No, no, replied the other—wait till—here his voice sunk, and I could only guess what was meant. I grew desperate and tried to push up the window, but it was fastened down with nails, to make all sure, and prevent my escaping. I listened again, but all was silent in the next room. The next moment I heard the voice of the old man calling his "boys," and perceived to my astonishment that the sun was just peeping above the horizon. Day light which emboldens the innocent, appals the guilty. And I now felt myself safe. I came out of my room with an air as unconcerned as possible, and was received as if nothing had happened.

"Good morning! good morning! said the imprudent old Republican, I am afraid you was disturbed last night. The boys were out after a bear, that has beat up our quarter several times. But he'll never come again I reckon. Is'nt he a whopper? continued he, pointing to the carcase in a corner. A happy turn thought I, but I am not to be humbugged by a cock and bull story. They pressed me to stay to breakfast, but I was resolved not to trust myself a moment longer with this banditti, and requested them to get my gig ready as soon as possible. In the mean time I asked the old man for his bill.

"We don't keep a tavern said he. I know that replied I significantly, but you will take something for your trouble."

"Not a cent;" every stranger that comes here is welcome to what I can offer. I have but little money, but a plenty of every thing else, and it is not often we have the pleasure of a stranger's company in this out of the way place. You are heartily welcome to your bed and supper, and will be still more so, if you will stay to breakfast."

His refusal to take pay was another proof, if any had been wanting of the profession followed by this awful family. Banditti are always above taking money that is honestly their due, and require the zest of a little murder and bloodshed to make it worth having.

MONITOR.

Extract of a Sermon by Rev. Doctor CHANNING.

Religion is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing in various ways to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair: the community is deeply interested in its diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows very plainly, that if God be the author and friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order. Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash, it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. And let men thoroughly believe, that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow! We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably, might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation! What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day! And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community: and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, *a companion for brutes.*

OMISSIONS.

MOBILE, March 1.—On Friday last Thomas Murphy underwent the dreadful sentence of the law, for the murder of John Kilburn. At twelve o'clock he was brought out of the jail dressed in an entire suit of white, and placed in a cart, seated upon the coffin. The Rev. Mr. Warren, who frequently visited the unhappy culprit in his last days, and endeavored to prepare his mind for the approaching and awful termination of his earthly existence, took a seat beside him. Guarded by Mr. Archer, the sheriff, his deputies and the military, and surrounded by a large crowd which increased as the procession moved on, the cart proceeded slowly through Royal street to the place of execution. By this time a vast concourse had collected to witness the dreadful catastrophe.—From the time Murphy left the prison until he reached the gallows, he manifested no symptoms of agitation, but looked around on the multitude without emotion. The cart halted within a few feet of the gallows. When the prisoner left the cart and ascended the ladder, he with great firmness mounted the fatal platform, followed by the sheriff, who placed the cap on his head and adjusted the halter about his neck. Mr. Warren then made a very appropriate, eloquent and impressive address to the spectators, and concluded with a brief narration of the sinful course, which had brought the wretched young man to this early and ignominious end. His first transgression was disobedience to his parents, from whose salutary restraint he fled at an early age. He soon contracted a fondness for the gaming table and the brothel. Mr. Warren then offered up a fervent prayer in behalf of the prisoner. During this solemn ceremony, a perfect silence pervaded the multitude, all seeming to be deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The cap was then drawn over his face, and in a moment the culprit was launched into eternity. He maintained an uncommon degree of firmness to the last. Murphy was a native of Pennsylvania, and stated that he was 24 years old.

Remarkable Suicide.—On Wednesday last, Daniel M'Neal, a journeyman upholsterer, in the employ of Messrs. Kennon and Mead, requested a friend to walk with him. They proceeded to one of the piers near the foot of Rector-street, and after some coversation, M'Neil proposed to return to the shop to go to work. His friend agreed, and as they were on their return, M'Neil suddenly turned, seized a large pot of boiling tar, and with it ran to the end of the pier, and jumped into the river with the boiling tar in his hands, and sunk with it. His friend immediately got assistance, and commenced raking for the body. On the first attempt the tar pot was hooked and brought up, the tar in which remained hot for an hour after it was recovered; but the body of the unfortunate M'Neil has not yet been recovered. While in company with his friend, M'Neil observed, that he had injured his employers, was very unhappy, &c. His employers, however, are not sensible of any injury he had done them, except inattention to his business, from his fondness of company and intemperance. They inform us that he was a remarkably fine singer, and that his acquaintance, whenever they could, led him to public places, to treat him, for the purpose of hearing him sing.—*New-York Gazette.*

The following horrid tale is copied from a Liverpool paper of the 19th February, but it is so much in the style of the Paris papers, that it at least "wants confirmation."

Extraordinary Assassination.—We give the following account of an assassination of a most extraordinary and romantic character, in the words of "*The Dublin Freeman's Journal*," of Saturday last. A murder, of the most singular and awful description, it is said to have been committed about a week since, near Rathdown. We give an outline of this shocking transaction as it has been related to us:—A young woman was at the fair, in Rathdown, with her father, who gave her the money he received that day, (ten pounds) and advised her, as it was growing late, to go to her female cousin, who lived near, with her two brothers, and sleep with her that night. She complied with his request, and at night one of the brothers came into the room with a candle, and said to her 'What, are you awake still? You had better go to sleep. She was much alarmed at this expression.—Her cousin was asleep. She listened attentively, and gathered the dreadful information, that they meant to murder her, and get possession of the ten pounds. She then went to the other side of the bed, and one of them cut the throat of his own sister! The young woman feigned to be fast asleep. They took the body away to bury it in a grave that they had previously dug in an adjoining garden. In the meantime the young woman got out through a window, without waiting to put on her clothes, ran down the road, and meeting a cart, prevailed on the owner to put her into it, and cover her up. Shortly after, the brothers discovered their fatal error, and overtaking the cart, asked the man if he had seen an unfortunate deranged woman, who had made her escape out of bed when raving of murder. With great presence of mind, he said, "Yes, she ran across the fields, but I could not leave my cart to follow her." They instantly went in pursuit—the cart went on to Wicklow, and the two brothers are now lodged in the gaol of that town.—The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder against them both.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1825.

[We received seasonably for publication in this day's paper, a reply to the remarks given below, from the *Columbian Star* of last week, relative to a communication that formerly appeared in the Observer under the head of "Slave Trade." Our correspondent suggested to us the fairness of the course of publishing the letter contained in the Star *first*, that the merits of the arguments offered might be more correctly estimated. This mode of procedure accords with that which we had considered most proper; but having received the manuscript from our cofrespondent, we should have put it in type this week and given place to the communication in the Star in our next, had not the intimation been made by him, that he should be gratified by its insertion, and that he was willing to give way therefor. We shall, therefore, present his reply next week.]

"RIGHT OF SEARCH.

To reason with a sober man on a serious subject is pleasing and edifying. To discuss a question of national concern on which the public are divided, with temper, propriety and decorum, may afford instruction and produce harmony. But if the object be sinister or selfish, if facts are misstated and truth is perverted, if personality and insinuation are indulged, and ribaldry is substituted for the eloquence of invective, none but the grovelling or malignant can be gratified or amused, and none of any class can be edified or instructed.

"A writer in the Oxford Observer, with the imposing title of "SLAVE TRADE," in seven formidable columns has arraigned the Senate of the United States, for refusing to suppress this inhuman traffic *by a concession of the right of search*. Passing by the pettish, ill-natured insinuations with which his production abounds, it will be our object to ascertain his real meaning, to strip the subject of pathos and delusion, correct the errors of the writer, whether fortuitous or intentional, and present a plain unvarnished state of the case to the sound common sense of the people.

The allegation in a former communication that "one of the representatives took the liberty to appeal to his constituents against their Senators for refusing to concede the right of search," seems to have offended the writer and to have called forth his exertions. That this writer *is* a representative in Congress from the State of Maine, we still believe, and need no other proof than his last communication.—He does not deny it, he states facts, however perverted, that none but a member could know, and refers to incidents which clearly define him. He *has* appealed to his constituents. All his communications were calculated and designed for *appeals*.

The appeals are *against* the Senators. He knew that both those Senators voted against the British and Colombian Conventions, and he considers these acts, "as the triumph of moral evil, the sacrifice of social good, and full of political calamity and individual misery." If this is not an *appeal* and a strong appeal too, what is? It is, we hope not pretended that a Senator, in the exercise of his executive power may not be arraigned by a representative or any one else before the bar of the public. Senators like representatives, are amenable to the people, their constituents, and subject to their advice and instructions. But charges of *encouraging moral evil, sacrificing social good, and promoting political calamity and individual misery should not be made upon slight or trifling grounds*. A representative is a servant of the people as well as a Senator. He should be well entrenched in a just confidence of his own integrity and be well satisfied of the facts he alleges, before he condemns a member of a co-ordinate branch of the government. And it is worthy of a critical inquiry whether this representative has done all *his* duty to arrest the "evil," the "calamity" and the "misery" which he deprecates. Now this gentleman well knows that after the modification of the British Convention and at the commencement of the last session of Congress, the President, speaking of the failure of that convention by reason of the Senate's amendments, informed the House of Representatives as well as the Senate, that he had "thought it proper to suspend the conlcusion of a new convention until the *definitive* sentiments of Congress may be ascertained. The documents relating to the negotiation are for that intent submitted to *your* consideration." An expression of the propriety of conceding a qualified right of search for the suppression of the slave trade, *was expected*. The whole correspondence was submitted to the House, referred to the proper committee, a report was made and the House refused to consider it. A constituent of this representative might well expostulate with him for the course he is taking, in language like this. "Sir, you was elected to guard our rights, our interest and our honor. It was your especial duty to exert yourself to the last to prevent and avert *evil, calamity*, and *misery*. Your attention was early called to this subject by the President of the United States, and still you quietly closed away the session, the evil, the calamity, the misery have befallen us and a *whisper* has never escaped you to prevent it, and now you have returned home to whine and simper about it *to us!* And what is your apology! 'There was not *time* to act upon the subject after it was called up, it being of *indispensible* necessity to act on other business then pending!' A question pending more than three months of such vital importance, involving honor, humanity, every thing, and during that time, more than two hundred subjects finished, and many of trifling importance, and you come home to us with the miserable apology that there was *not time* to act!" The reference of a subject to the House, which exclusively belonged to, and was then in the hands of the treaty making power, was indeed extraordinary, and could only be justified as it was of *great national concern*. But this great national concern was postponed and neglected and the session was trifled away in long and useless debates, to the entire exclusion of a question which involved the nation's honor and glory, or, its calamity and degradation. No, the truth is, and it is in vain to disguise it, a decided majority of the House of Representatives were opposed to the concession of the right of search, qualified as it might be, and this is the only real reason why they refused to act at all. It would be a vile slander on their [illegible] suppose that, had they [illegible] would not have post[illegible] extraordinary legislation [illegible] this. But it is *the* [illegible] gentleman cavils. It is [illegible] it is only "a mere [illegible] which is conceded!— [illegible] without modifica[illegible] the very definition of [illegible] direct we hope he does [illegible] he seems to have in[illegible] [illegible] reasonings.— [illegible] the undisputed right [illegible] "Great Britain [illegible] under our vessels and to [illegible] protections in their [illegible] hands." Now Great Britain never pretended any such thing. She alleged that the officer of her public ships had a right to search our merchant vessels for, and to take from them, *her own subjects*. In the exercise of this pretended right, she claimed as *ancillary*, the primary or incipient right of power to *designate* her own. In *this* was the whole grievance.—This *designation* was abused. Her officer being invested with a *discretion* could exercise it as he pleased, without any speedy or effectual remedy. The evil was intolerable, and it resulted in war. In that case Great Britain had an apology, a lame one to be sure, that she was engaged in a war which threatened her existence, and that *necessity* compelled her to take her own subjects where she could find them.

But what necessity compels us to concede to her in any case the right to search our vessels *in time of peace?* This surrender of this right, modified as it was, *authorized a foreign officer under a commission from his own government to enter an American merchant vessel on suspicion of an illicit traffic, and to arrest our own citizen and bring him before our tribunals for trial*. He may search the vessel for *cause* of suspicion. In this he may, if necessary, *confine the crew*, and take out as he may judge expedient, any he may find there, whom he sees fit to designate as slaves. If the vessel is on an East India voyage, half performed, she may be arrested, brought back and subjected to trial on the most frivolous pretext, and the remedy for all this is in the first instance a process against the officer, who would nine times in ten elude your vigilance. The search would be a constant subject of abuse, conflict and national irritation.

But this is not all. You not only ground the search on such suspicion as the officer sees fit to indulge, but you adopt a most extraordinary and humiliating principle. *An officer under the authority of a foreign government is permitted to arrest an American, suspected of a crime against your own laws, and hold him for trial*. Is this *no* concession? It is very little short of colonial subjugation. And yet this writer feels humiliated that the Senate, by one of their amendments; refused it, *on our own shores*. Foreigners, he fears, would be induced to suspect us of guilt, if we refuse them the right to search us at home! You must permit the officers of another nation to enter your vessels at the wharves, or your houses in the night, and submit to the impertinent curiosity of every ruffian you meet or you will be suspected! Excellent logic! Exquisite sensibility to individual and national honor! And all this to conciliate the esteem and confidence of the Holy Alliance.

But this is not *republican* sensibility. A transcript of the convention with Great Britain as modified by the Senate was submitted to the republic of Colombia.—The instructions to search were limited to the coasts of *Africa and the West Indies*. Lest the "coasts of the West Indies" should be construed to extend to *theirs* on the Main, they insisted upon, and obtained an alteration to limit it to the coasts and seas of the West India *Islands*. This republic, which had abolished slavery by a solemn edict, whose ardor for freedom was even extravagant because it was new, whose abhorrence of the slave trade was as sincere even as that of this writer, could not nevertheless submit to the degradation of consenting to the co-operation of a sister republic in enforcing its *own laws* near its *own territory*.—They believed what every honorable and highminded man ought to believe, that to admit another to do at his will, what they could do *themselves*, was casting a suspicion upon their own integrity. In his fervor of philanthropy this writer remarks that this traffic is "worse than spoil, rapine and robbery," and that "one third of the persons assigned to the slave ships are either poisoned by pestilential air, tortured slowly to death by manacles and confinement or *killed* by the agony of mental affliction *on account* of the extreme misery of their lot," and in reciting individual cases, he proceeds in the same strain through nearly a column. Now this is all *very fine*, but it has no bearing upon the question, and *as to us it is not true*. Our own law with great propriety has made this trade *piracy* and every one, whether citizen or foreigner, we can find engaged in it must *suffer death*. Not one of the cases cited, of whatever atrocity, implicates an American citizen. If France indulges her subjects in this or any other infamous transaction, what right have we to interfere? During her sanguinary revolution did we claim the right to restrain or control her atrocities? And if we feel prepared to join Great Britain in a crusade for humanity, it will be well to inquire whether this combination will be probably successful and whether the mistress of the ocean may not indulge in *ulterior views*.

The truth is, sir, this is a better topic for a *poem* than an *argument*. In that you might be allowed to indulge in *fiction* with impunity. This horrific description of the slave trade, so far as regards *our citizens*, is a creature solely of your own imagination, which we will endeavor to prove.

The British Government in the diplomatic correspondence expressly declared that she was competent to restrain effectually her own subjects from this traffic. Her extreme solicitude must therefore arise from a belief that we could not or would not restrain American citizens, and that her aid was necessary to us when ours to her might be dispensed with. This opinion, so humiliating to us, has been encouraged by such philanthropists as you. You have with a zeal honest, no doubt, but extremely indiscreet, made Great Britain believe that our people are so depraved, our officers so remiss, in the execution of our laws, and our government so inefficient in enforcing obedience, that her friendly coercion is indispensible to secure effectually the punishment of crimes. To this state of degradation we are not yet reduced.

We aver, and will prove from the highest authority, that our acts of piracy have effectually suppressed the African slave trade by our own citizens. The President of the United States, at the opening of the last Session of Congress communicated the following facts. "In the execution of the laws for the suppression of the slave trade, a vessel has been occasionally sent from that (the West-India) squadron to the coasts of Africa, with orders to return thence by the usual tracts of the slave ships, and to seize any of our vessels which might be employed in that trade.—*None have been found, and it is believed that none are employed*. It is know however that the trade still exists under other flags."

Now if these "other flags" covered the *American* slave trade, our own navy, under our law would, as they have repeatedly done, arrest them on suspicion and send them in for adjudication. The trade is effectually suppressed in our own vessels, no American has been detected under a foreign flag and all that your treaty could effect would be to authorize a foreign officer in no way responsible to you, to do what is required of your own.

This inspection of the flags of other nations is a delicate affair. The power should be exercised with great discretion. A discretion for which the nation is responsible and which should be delegated with judgment and discrimination. Will you permit its exercise by officers of the British navy? If the flag proves to be genuine, you become responsible for the act of this British officer, to the nation whose sovereignty is violated. Great Britain from her maritime ascendency may violate the rights of others with impunity. Our power is not yet quite so transcendent. Suppose from motives of policy or interest she would involve you in a quarrel with France, what better means could she devise than to encourage her officers to capture French vessels and carry them into an American port, under a pretence that they were [illegible]

concerned in the slave trade. These [illegible] for the suppression of the slave trade are therefore extremely objectionable.

1. They give the power to a foreign officer to detain and examine on the high seas, an American merchant vessel on his mere suspicion. An American ship at sea, *is exclusively American territory or domain*.

2. They authorize an officer, commissioned by, and responsible to another power, at his discretion, to arrest a citizen *under your dominion*, on suspicion that he has violated your laws.

3. They empower the same foreign officers to invade the sovereignty of friendly nations and to involve you in war.

The object is not commensurate to this surrender. "No statesman" you say "can be justified in sacrificing any essential interests of his country from motives of philanthropy." It is but justice to you, to admit that this sentiment is that of a statesman, but had you advanced it without qualification, it would have overthrown the whole of your immense fabric. We repeat, the object is no compensation for the surrender. Five years ago the slave trade was made piracy, and it was not until last year that Great Britain followed the example. No other nation has yet, gone so far. Under the operation of our Acts of piracy, our own citizens have been effectually restrained, and and though we may *advise* other nations, we have no right to *control* them.

The resolution of the House of Representatives, advising the President to negotiate for the suppression of this traffic, by the most liberal and extravagant constructions, *gave no power to concede the right of search*, and it is believed no one before you ever pretended it. To "denounce it as piracy under the law of nations by the consent of the civilized world," is this to enter into a compact with a single nation equal in maritime strength to all the rest, that her officers may search our ships and arrest our citizens charged with this crime? No, the House *refused* to advise this concession of the right of search. Mr. Adams states to Mr. Canning that the proposition was unequivocally discountenanced by the House of Represe[illegible]tatives and we know that the last house refused to touch the subject.

We believe that neither Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford or Mr. Calhoun, all then members of the cabinet, were ever in favor of this concession. The two latter gentlemen have avowed their dissent to such a measure, and we need only recur to the letter to Mr. Canning of the 24th June, 1823, for the opinion of the former. Instructions to a minister, or propositions to a foreign government, are the acts of *the President himself*. Diplomatic discussion and controversy are *the acts of the Secretary of State*.

Mr. Adams, in that letter of 24th June, most ably and conclusively urges and proves that we ought not to concede this right, that it would be difficult to confine the search to the object, that the right conceded would be abused, that under color of it our fair and legal commerce on the high seas would be subjected to vexatious visits and detentions and our citizens exposed to injury and insult from foreign officers out of the reach of responsibility. He says it is a principle to which "*we can never accede*," and that "we have an *insuperable* objection to its extension by treaty *in any manner whatever*." It is demanded, has Mr. Adams ever surrendered this opinion? It is believed he has not. France, against whom you seem disposed to raise your voice in rather a vindictive tone, replied to the proposition of Great Britain, *clearly, energetically* and *unequivocally*. We have perused the document with some attention, and it appears in our humble judgment that it will bear a comparison with any document on the subject not even excepting Mr. Adams' letter of the 24th June. From this document you are pleased to select an unimportant expression and then condemn it all as the "*nonsense* of his most Christian Majesty." It is the same "*nonsense*" used by Mr. Adams in his reply to Mr. Canning and which has lately influenced a majority of the Senate, (*twenty-eight, to twelve*) in doing an act which you are pleased to denounce as "the triumph of moral evil, the sacrifice of social good, and full of political calamity and individual misery." Had you stated your facts correctly there might have been some apology for this charge. *But every one of your material statements is erroneous*. You affect to compliment the Emperor of Russia for his good feelings on this subject, when it is well known the same proposition has been made to that Court by both England and the United States, and has not been agreed to. None of the great continental powers have, or will ever concede this right of search, so long as Great Britain maintains her maritime ascendency. You state that Spain, Portugal and the Netherlands have made a more extensive concession, when the fact is that the right conceded by them is *confined to the coasts of Africa*. The reports and letters to which you refer of the Agent at Montserado, the Colonization Society, and Lieut. Stockton do not implicate a solitary citizen of the United States. And Stockton, if we rightly recollect, is the officer who brought into Boston, a foreign ship for being concerned in the slave trade, which occasioned us so much expense, trouble and embarrassment. Even the British Governor of Sierra Leona, ever ready to suspect *us*, though he states that the trade in 1822 was "carried on by renegado European and *American* traders, does not venture to affirm that a single *renegado citizen of the United States* was concerned in the traffic. But if the trade is still carried on by our citizens let us, for heaven's sake suppress it *ourselves*. Instead of a *vessel* being *occasionally* sent from the squadron, let all our vessels which are dozing in the Mediterranean be *actively* employed.

But you are alarmed nevertheless lest to refuse this concession "we shall be degraded and disgraced," and think that "*an effort must be made to redeem our lost reputation*." The President and Vice President of the United States, such men as Bell, of New-Hampshire, Lloyd of Massachusetts, Van Buren of New-York, Dickerson of New-Jersey, Van Dyke of Delaware, Smith and Lloyd of Maryland, Tazewell of Virginia, Macon of North Carolina, Gaillard of South Carolina, Berrian of Georgia and others of the Senate, have enforced doctrines which have "degraded and disgraced" us, and it will be for you, Sir, in the plenitude of your wisdom and philanthropy "to redeem our lost reputation."

We shall when occasion offers, give such further exposition of this subject as may correct false impressions. It is now understood that you are a member of Congress, and contending that the Senate of the United States have degraded and disgraced us in not conceding a qualified right of search to foreign nations, as a measure to prevent the slave trade. Upon this point we meet you, to this we shall exclusively confine ourselves, declining all kind of personal altercation and endeavoring to preserve that calmness, impartiality and dignity, which the subject demands.

Yours, &c."

Our readers will observe, by an order of the Court of Sessions for the County of Penobscot which appears in this paper, that the gaol limits for "poor debtors" are made to extend to the exterior boundaries of that County.

A young woman was recently fined twenty-five dollars in New-Orleans for appearing in the streets in men's clothing. We should be led to suppose that this state might raise quite a revenue, if it could get half of that sum from [illegible] "very fond of wearing the breeches."

GEN. LAFAYETTE is now on his tour in the Southern and Western States. While on his visit at Savannah, (Geo.) last month, he assisted in laying the corner stones for two monuments, to be raised in that city, to the memory of Generals Greene and Pauluski. They were laid in Masonic form, attended by the Grand Lodge of that State. The following toast was drunk on the occasion:

G. M. Troup, Governor of the State of Georgia—Not a *Mason!* but none the less a *Brother* in feeling.

To which the Governor rose and offered the following sentiment:

The name of Masonry—Associated throughout the world with benevolent sentiments and liberal principles.

The *Eastern (Gardiner) Chronicle* says, it has been informed that an Agent from N. York is upon the Kennebec opening a negotiation for trade. Should he be successful, it will have a tendency to prevent the embarrassments that are frequently experienced by the Banks in that vicinity, occasioned by the Boston Banks drawing specie from their vaults.

NEWSPAPERS IN SCHOOLS.—We perceive by the *Albany Argus*, that newspapers have been introduced into the Plattsburg Academy. We have no doubt but they may prove advantageous, provided a good selection be made of them.

SUMMARY.

VEGETABLE POISON.—A case of accidental poison by *wild Parsnip*, occurred in this town yesterday, which came near proving fatal to two boys, one an apprentice in this office, 15 years of age, the other a son of Capt. John Robinson, 6 years old. The parsnips were taken from an old garden between King street and Hancock street, on low and wet land, which appears not to have been much cultivated for some time past. The boys supposed them to be *artichokes*. The youngest boy was found, about an hour after they had eaten the parsnips, in convulsion fits. The oldest walked about nearly two hours, when he became so weak that he could hardly walk, was in great distress, and gave information that he had eaten something which he was afraid was poison. He grew worse fast, could not sit up straight, complained of violent burning in the stomach, vomited, sunk into stupor, medical aid arrived, immediately administered a glass of sweet oil, patient fell into a violent convulsion fit, which lasted from five to ten minutes; powerful emetics were then forced down with great difficulty, the patient struggling and making all the resistance in his power. After sufficient medicine had been administered to throw the vegetables from the stomach, he began to revive, though for some time considerable inclining to stupor. Both of the boys appear likely to recover.—A third boy, who dug the parsnips and gave them to the other two, ate some, but was not affected by it.

We have heard it said that the common garden parsnip, if left to stand some years and grow spontaneously, will become poison. This subject is worthy of examination. We understand that some scattered parsnips were seen to grow last year in the garden near where these poisonous vegetables were dug. We have examined some of these roots; they considerably resemble the common parsnip, and have a slight taste like the parsnip, but their smell is very similar to that of the common garden plant called lovage. *Portland Argus.*

BANGOR, Thursday, April 14, 1825.

The Court of Sessions closed its session in this town on Friday last. In addition to the usual county business, the Court came to a decision on the petition of a large number of the citizens of this County, praying an extension of the Gaol limits.

In pronouncing the decision of the Court, the Chief Justice, after some remarks on the power and duties of the Court, referred to the law of 1822, as more particularly relating to the question before the Court. He drew a distinction between the Debtor and the Criminal, observed that "it did not appear to have been the intention of the Legislature that the law of contracts and the Penal Statutes should have the same operation, putting the Debtor in the place of the Criminal!" stated that the method of enforcing did not alter the nature nor impair the obligations of contracts; "the right to demand and the obligation to pay, remained the same." "If (said he) we have a right apprehension of the Statute now before us, it was intended to abate the rigor of the law of imprisonment.

"Now if we are satisfied on the question in this view of it, and that the Legislature has given this Court a discretionary power in assigning the limits; notwithstanding the agency which our *feelings* may have in the result, still, if the order now made *does* change the condition of an unfortunate class of citizens for the better, and at the same time not at the expense of another or the general interest, (with the decision of the highest Court in the State in favor of the right) that we should give to the law the broadest and most liberal construction, becomes our imperious duty. Upon a full view of the question though it may lean hard upon ancient usage, and has something the appearance of experiment, we are of opinion that the limits of the gaol yard ought to be altered, and accordingly order that they now be extended to the exterior limits of the County."

Melancholy.—Drowned, on the 12th inst. in the well of John Webb, Esq. of Perry, Mrs. *Patty Young*, widow of Captain Daniel Young, of that county. Mrs. Young had for some time past laboured under a partial derangement; and it is supposed in[illegible]ally precipitated herself into the well, where she remained for half an hour before she was discovered—when [illegible] forever.

Eastern Argus.

NANTUCKET, March 21.—Some enterprising young men, from Edgartown, went off on Wednesday last in pursuit of a whale on the south side of the Vineyard. They soon came up with one, which they killed; but a contrary wind and strong tide prevented their return till Friday morning. The whale, it is thought, will make from 30 to 40 bbls. of oil, and is of the *right whale* species. Several others have recently been observed off the south side of the Vineyard.—*Inquirer.*

From the Connewango (Penn.) Emigrant.

Cornplanter, the Season and a Famine.—Cornplanter is one of the chiefs of the Seneca Nation of Indians. He lives on the Allegheny river, 16 miles above this place. He is noted for courage and the active part he took against the Americans in the bloody scenes at Wyoming; he is averse to saying any thing on that subject or even to hearing it spoken of. He was instigated to the part he took (as is said) by the noted Butler. He is about 90 years of age; retains his power of mind remarkably well. His speeches, though quite untutored, are generally forcible and prevailing. He is decidedly opposed to selling out their lands. The nation is about equally divided on that question—have held several councils on the subject, and he was the means of carrying the vote against it. He is also opposed to having the 'Black coats' (missionaries) come among them—and to schools.—The reason of his opposition to the latter, is this:—he gave his son Henry a tolerable good English education, which he perverted to the worst purposes. It made him impudent, arrogant and roguish. Among a great many acts of villainy, of which he has been guilty, there is one which has incensed the mind of his father against him perhaps more than any other: The old man left a quantity of lumber at Pittsburgh to be sold at commission. So soon as his son Henry ascertained that it was disposed of, he forged an order, went and drew the money to the amount of several hundred dollars, and spent the whole in gambling and dissipation.

About the first of January last, this chief prophesied and declared it in a council of his nation, that there is to be a famine. He stated it had been revealed to him by the "*Great Spirit;*" he told them the winter would be mild; but little snow, and that there would be no freshet in the spring to run lumber. He enjoined it on them to save all their corn, and bring all they wished to sell to him. He has actually bought in a quantity of corn and other provisions, in the full belief that a famine will take place. However it may turn out, we hope it may have this effect: To be so far believed by those who are in the habit of selling their grain at a low price, or exchanging it for whiskey in the fall and winter, and before harvest having it to buy at double as much as they sold it for, as to cause them to save enough at least to last them till next fall.

At any rate his prophesies turn out thus far to be literally true. Our winter or rather our winter months are gone. We have at no time had more than three inches of snow—and that but twice, and lasted but three or four days.

Melancholy Accident.—Drowned, on Saturday, the 26th ult. near Smithville, *Mr. John S. Springs* and his infant son *Montesquieu C. Springs.* Mr. S. was on his way to visit his aged parent residing on Bald Head, when the boat he was in was unfortunately run down by the sloop Fair Haven. The child was brought from Smithville on Sunday, and burried in the afternoon. The body of Mr. S. is not yet found. We understand that no blame ought to be attached to Captain Williams, as there was a pilot on board the sloop; and that the accident was one of those casualities which no human foresight could prevent. *Wilmington Recorder.*

Fatal Accident!—On Friday, the 13th ult. Mr. *Harris Kimball*, who lived about 15 miles from this town, near Stokes' ferry on the Yadkin, was killed by the fall of a tree; his skull was so much fractured, that he lived but two or three hours after the accident. Mr. Kimball was 53 years old; and was a worthy, good citizen, and an honest man. His death will be severely felt and deplored by his relatives and friends.—*West. Carolinian.*

Melancholy Accident.—A boat from the navy yard, while returning thither from this side, about 12 o'clock, on Saturday, during the height of the gale, was upset off "Powder Point," and of five men who were on board, four were drowned. They had just before taken on board a fire engine, from Campbell's Wharf, intended for the use of the navy yard, the weight of which immediately carried the boat down. The names of the men who lost their lives, were, *Donnavant, Garrison, Curtis,* and *Portlock;* that of the one who was saved, is Smith. They were all employed as boatmen to the navy yard.

State of the Market.—The commercial news from England brought by the Crisis yesterday forenoon, of the unprecedented advance in the price of cotton and several other articles of American and colonial produce, occasioned immense speculations in this city, during the business hours of yesterday. We learn that a very considerable portion of the cotton in market, and also some other articles, changed hands several times during the the day, and that some of the "knowing ones" made fortunes of ten, twenty, and even one hundred thousand dollars by speculations "on the Rialto," between 10 and 4 o'clock.—A clerk in one of our first mercantile houses, we are told, gave $200 a day for three previous days, to have the refusal of one lot of cotton at a fixed price—took it yesterday, and pocketed $20,000 by the operation! Another concern offered a lot of a few hundred bales of cotton on Tuesday, which was declined at the prices of the day, and yesterday $3,000 advance was offered and refused. We are also told that one house in this city made the enormous sum of $100,000, by advance in prices yesterday. In less than two hours after the news was communicated from the slip, the fast-flying steam-boat Linnæus was under full steam for Newport, where it is supposed the agent will land, and, having the start of all other modes of intelligence, touch our friends at Providence, Boston, and Salem, for some thousands. Several pilot boats were despatched for the south, and expresses to all the markets supposed to furnish articles for speculation.

Cotton advanced several cents beyond the previous rise occasioned by the intelligence received by the Globe, at Philadelphia. We understand that sales were made yesterday of prime Uplands as high as 28, and best Louisiana at 31 cents! About 15,000 bags changed hands, an unprecedented day's work. Previous to receiving the European news, prime Georgia Upland sold at 23, Petersburg at 22 1-2, Alabama 23, and New-Orleans at 24, 25, and 26 cents. *N. Y. Statesman.*

There are now living in Charlotte County, near the Campbell line, two persons, Alexander Berkley and his wife. Berkley is now in his 118th year, and his wife in her 107th. Mr. Berkley was born in Scotland, and served in the British army under the Duke of Malborough, in the reign of Queen Anne. After the death of his Queen, he emigrated to America, and served again in the army of England under General Wolfe, and was at Quebec when Montgomery fell. When the war of our revolution commenced, he was too old to become a soldier again; and his military career of course was then terminated. He has lived with his wife in a state of matrimony 90 years, and has had several children, but they have all gone to the tomb. It appears that this old man has always been poor, and was consequently under the necessity of laboring for his support. *Lynchburg Vir.*

BURNING OF SHIP KENT.

The following letter contains the particulars of a most melancholy disaster which occurred on the 1st March, in the burning of the East India Company's ship Kent, which sailed from the Downs about the 15th of February for Bengal and China.

BRIG CAMBRIA, Falmouth, March 4, 1825.

Messrs. Wm. Broad and Sons, Agents to Lloyd's.

GENTLEMEN—You are aware of my leaving this port on the 24th ult. with passengers and goods for Mexico, and I beg to acquaint you of my return here this morning at 1 A. M. under the following circumstances:—

On Tuesday last, the 1st instant, being then in latitude 48, 30, and longitude 9, 45, laying to with a strong gale from the westward, under a close reefed main-top-sail, we discovered a large sail to the westward, and on approaching found her to have a signal of distress flying, which induced me immediately to render every assistance in my power, and on nearing found her on fire. About three P. M. being then on her bow, we succeeded in getting the first boat from the vessel, which proved to be the Hon. Company's ship Kent, Capt. Cobb, of 1400 tons, for Bengal and China, with troops and passengers amounting, with the crew, to 637 souls. From three to eight P. M. the boat were constantly employed in bringing the people to the Cambria, and succeeded in saving 401 officers, non-commissioned ditto, and privates, of the 31st regiment, 46 women, and 48 children, appertaining to ditto, 19 male and female private passengers, and Captain Cobb, and 139 of the crew, amounting in all to 554. The flames now becoming exceedingly fierce, I could not urge the sailors again to return to the ship, nor deem it at all prudent, for the preservation of the lives already on board my vessel, to remain longer near the Kent, expecting her instantly to blow up. By accounts since made up, it is supposed that 64 soldiers, 1 woman, 21 children and 4 of the crew, were left when Capt. Cobb quitted the vessel, whose conduct during the trying occasion is beyond my humble praise, displaying the greatest coolness, intrepidity, and by his exertions, and those of Colonel Fearn, the commander of the troops, who were the last to quit, the women, children, and passengers were got into the boats, and they did not leave themselves until their influence to induce any more to go into them was useless. At 2 A. M. the Kent blew up, after being completely enveloped in flames for four hours previous. The fire originated in the after hold, where spirits were stowed for the use of the troops, a cask of which breaking adrift and bursting, the contents were unfortunately ignited by a candle in a lantern.

It may not be amiss to state, that two hours after the ship blew up, a soldier's wife was delivered of a fine boy on board the Cambria, and both mother and child are doing well.

I remain, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant. (Signed) W. COOK.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival at New-York of the ship *Crisis*, which sailed from Land's End, (England,) on the 12th March, English papers were received by the Editors of the New-York Statesman of the 3d March. The following are extracts from them.

LONDON, March 2.

The attention of the House of Commons was devoted last night to the important question of Roman Catholic Emancipation. A motion was made by Sir F. Burdett, that the House should resolve itself into a committee, to take into consideration the state of the laws peculiarly affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, with a view to the repeal of those laws. The motion was seconded by Mr. Croker, and followed by a long debate, in which Mr. Leslie Foster, Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Peel, Mr. Brougham, and other members, participated. On a division, there appeared—For the motion, 247—against it, 234—majority 13.

LONDON, March 3.

The Paris papers of Sunday are filled in great measure with the South American intelligence, received in London last week. They also contain some advices from Greece, bringing no fresh news, but contradicting the groundless rumors respecting the landing of a Turkish force in the Morea. The *Austrian Observer*, the persevering and determined foe of the Greeks, is compelled at last to admit that all is well on their side, though it adds, Ibrahim Pacha "will make preparations for a real expedition." The Editor of the *Etoile* comments with just severity on the idle and absurd malignity of this passage. The preparations," of the Turks for the reconquest of the Peloponesus are not much less ridiculous than those of FERDINAND VII. for the subjugation of South America. The *Austrian Observer* repeats, after the Greek journals, without venturing to contradict the fact, that the "internal troubles of the Morea are entirely appeased;" and it states on its own authority, that OMAR PACHA has proceeded with his troops from Arta to Joannina, contrary to the SULTAN'S order to repair to Salonichi. "If this be the case," adds the *Austrian*, "there is nothing for him to do, but formally to to join the insurgents." In this way, as we have often predicted, the insurrection against Ottoman despotism will spread, until the empire is in danger of a general dismemberment, from the intolerable pressure of the vices of its weak and barbarous Government. The difficulty will be, not for the Greeks to withstand the attacks of a power, which, for the last four years, it has "beaten and humbled" in every campaign, and in every encounter, but in case war be continued, for the Turks to find the means of holding together the unweildly and heterogeneous mass which yet subsists to their sway.

The *Journal des Debats* states, that it is believed at Paris, by persons of good information, that the object of the Prince de Metternich's visit to that capital is to ascertain the opinion of the French Cabinet relative to the affairs of Greece. The mission of Mr. Stratford Canning to St. Petersburg is also said to be exclusively directed to the same end. M. de Metternich will remain at Paris until May. He will afterwards proceed to Milan, where, it is said, an interview will take place between the Emperors of Russia and Austria. The Greek Committee at Paris is diligently and effectively employed in aiding the cause of the Patriots. "Let us hope," says the *Journal des Debats*, in conclusion, "that the year will not pass away without the policy of Europe being fixed both with regard to Greece and America. Finally, legitimacy, reason, and liberty, must make themselves heard."

From Madrid we learn that the health of the King of Spain is completely restored. Nothing is stated as to the financial negotiations on foot in this country. *British Press.*

The Porte exerts great activity in its preparations for the next campaign.

The convoys of warlike stores are in motion, and every measure is taken to collect a considerable supply of grain.

A double suicide occurred two days ago in the Rue Lepelletier, at the house of a perfumer who having been unsuccessful in his speculations, and his creditors pressing him, under the dread of being put in prison he resolved to destroy himself. An English woman who lived with him, determined to die with him; they suffocated themselves by the fumes of charcoal and their bodies were found locked in each other's arms. *Journal des Debats, Feb. 25.*

We received last night the French Papers of Friday, with the *Etoile* dated Saturday. This Paper states, in rectifying an error of the *Echo di Midi*, that the Coronation of the King of France is *irrevocably* fixed for the 25th of May next. The other Paris Papers are filled with the trial of the monster *Papavoine*, for the murder of two children in the woods of Vincennes.

[An account of this murder was published in the Observer, on the 16th December last.]

The news of the Patriot success in Peru; occasioned a very considerable rise in South American stocks on the British exchange. At the last date Colombian bonds were at 93, Peruvian 89, and Mexican 83.

LONDON, March 5.—The French police, at Calais has ordered that all expresses, between England and France, shall be examined.

Paris papers assert, that the Allied Sovereigns have notified Spain, that they are not in a condition to aid Spain in recovering her late American provinces.

PARIS, March 1.—Events of great importance are, it is said, preparing in Egypt. The Pacha makes great efforts to civilize his country; twenty thousand troops are being instructed in European tactics, by order of the Pacha. Several French Generals, among whom are mentioned Boyer and Livron, accompanied by a certain number of half-pay or discharged officers, are arrived at Cairo, where they are employed by the Pacha: it is said that their departure was not unknown to the French Ministry. Manufactories and Assurance Companies are establishing in Egypt, and there is, it is said, a newspaper about to be established.

[*From the Etoile, Feb. 27.*]

Captains of merchant vessels on their passage heard that 26 Greek vessels and 4 fire ships had been overtaken at Chios, on the 14th of this month, near Cassos, by a Turkish frigate escorting 4 transports. As the story was told, the frigate was burnt, and 3 of the transports taken.

Accounts from Syria of the 15th state that dissensions have arisen between the Turks in Candia and the Egyptians, and that blood has been spilt on both sides.

HANOVER, Feb. 18.

Captain Davison, Aide-de-Camp to his Royal Highness the Governor General, set out yesterday for London, to convey an account of the boundless misery caused by the inundation.

We learn that next summer a part of the soldiers will be employed to repair the dikes, &c. in those places where the greatest damage has been done.—The first subscription for the sufferers already amounts to 15,100 rix-dollars in gold and 4720 rix-dollars in silver. At the head of the list are his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge 10,000 rix-dollars in gold, and the Duchess his consort 1000 ditto. Various contributions had been made previous to the invitation issued by the Government.

"A letter from Embden, of the 15th inst:—'The ships sent to the Islands have just returned. The Captains say that the Islands of Baltrum and Juist are almost entirely ruined: the poor inhabitants have erected tents on the downs to shelter themselves.

A letter from Hulbigen, on the west coast of Sleswig, gives a frightful picture of the ravages, in the night of the third, in the neighboring small Islands and low grounds:—Of 270 houses, only 32 were habitable; 80 persons perished, and all their cattle. The survivors have saved neither household furniture nor effects of any kind; they have neither shelter, clothing, nor provisions.

Curious Composition of Wood.—Messrs. Bray and Malo have succeeded in imitating the most precious species of wood, and the rarest species of marbles, by means of cast wood, (bois coule) of their composition. All the thousand accidents, the infinite blendings of veins and shades, transparent clouds of marble, which the painter can imitate only on the surface, are obtained by Messrs. Bray and Malo, to whatever thickness they desire. The wood of their composition, whatever object of imitation or fancy it represents may be plained like the coarsest ash, without any alteration. This valuable invention opens a new and vast field to all the arts connected with cabinet making and ornamental architecture. Messrs. Bray and Malo have even attempted to obtain the resemblance of the human countenance; they have executed in wood the portrait of his late Majesty Louis XVIII. *London Lit. Gazette.*

A Bell, which weighs 18,000 lbs. has been discovered, at the depth of 70 feet, in a valley of Mount Jura. It is imagined that a convent or church has been ingulphed at that place.—Nothing but the bell has been met with. *London paper.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞We acknowledge the receipt of the communication signed "Cimon." It would have given us pleasure to have presented it to our readers this week; but having our columns filled when we received it, we found it necessary defer it until our next.

☞Several other favors on hand shall be duly noticed.

MARRIED.

In Salem, Mr. FERDINAND ANDREWS, Editor of the *Salem Gazette*, to Miss ELIZABETH DERBY.

DIED.

In Livermore, Mr. Francis Lyford.—Lt. Samuel Foster, a soldier of the Revolution and a pensioner.—Persis, youngest child of Thomas Chase, jr. Esq. aged one year and eight months—

"The desert wind
Pass'd rudely o'er its slender head,
It silent droop'd:—it silent pin'd,
'Till all its hues and fragrance fled.
The chilling frost of evening hour
Shone coldly on the dying flower."

In Howard's Gore, *Mr. Silas Powers*, aged 62, formerly of Temple, New-Hampshire.

In Hollowell, Miss Julia Norris, aged 20 years.

In Mendon, (Mass.) Capt. Joseph Torrey, aged 64.

In Rutland, Mrs. Lydia Rice, consort of the late John Rice, aged 71.

In Richmond, (Va.) in the 68th year of his age, WM. GALT, Esq. a native of Scotland, and for many years extensively and favorably known in Virginia. Mr. Galt was a very rich man; and what was still better, a very benevolent and good one. The two extremes of his life were as strongly contrasted by the extremes of poverty and wealth as they were by vigor and decay.—He emigrated to Virginia, in 1775—he commenced trading with a pedlar's pack—he died in the enjoyment of a revenue of $40,000 per annum. In 1775, he had not his "six feet in length" of soil—in 1825, he could ride fifteen miles rectilinear on his own grounds, the broadest and richest bottoms of James River. When his career commenced, few perhaps knew him, or cared to know him—before it closed numerous children called him god-father, and hundreds attended his remains to their last abode.

He got rich as a little stream swells into a mighty river. His industry and attention exacted tribute from all that came within their sphere of action—while his frugality, like the Mediterranean, retained all that ever passed in. Yet he was parsimonious only to himself; his benevolence like the evaporations of the same sea, falling on and fertilizing many who were worthy and needy around him. He lived an example to the poor how to become rich, and to the rich an example how to employ riches. He died as he had lived, having taken the best care to secure to himself good treatment in the next world, by embracing religion and practising its precepts. He is said to have estimated his estate a short time before his death, at $750,000. As he always erred, when he erred at all on the safe side, we may probably add to this $250,000 more.—This large property was made by no successful and splendid speculation, but by first taking care of pence and then of pounds. Latterly it accumulated with the rapidity of a heavy substance approaching the centre of gravity, and fifty years more in the same hands would have bought out the State of Virginia, bag and baggage, lands, tenements and hereditaments. The force of early habits was never more powerfully exemplified than in the case of the deceased, he stuck to his early habits of care; simplcity, and frugality to the last, and no doubt with the warmth of a first attachment. There was no difference [we are credibly informed] between Wm. Galt the poor and Wm. Galt the rich—an admirable character this. He lived and died a bachelor. *Whig.*

CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD CANAL

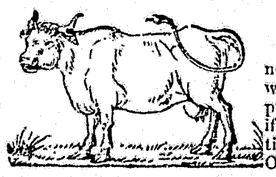
LOTTERY.

☞TRY YOUR LUCK HERE.

TICKETS AND PARTS in the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery, Experimental Class, No. 3, for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

Present price—Wholes $4 50, Halves $2 37 1 2; Quarters $1 25, Eighths 75 cents, Sixteenths 44 cents.

March 21, 1825.



WANTED

To purchase; a good new milch COW; for which *cash* and a fair price will be given, if immediate application is made at the Oxford Bookstore.

ASA BARTON.

Paris, April 18, 1825.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-fifth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

DAVID BRADLEY, administrator on the estate of ABRAHAM BRADLEY, late of Fryeburg, deceased, having presented his fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the last Tuesday of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

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LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office, Paris, (Me.) April 1, 1825.

BASFORD JESSE, Brett Rufus, Blake Jos. Craft Moses, Cushman Levi, Conant Jos. Cotton William, Crawford Benjamin F. Churchill William, Chesley William, Dennett John, Dunnells Ebenezer, Dun Daniel, Farrow Thomas, *Woodstock*, Fuller Aaron, Jr. Frank Nancy, Faunce Barnabe, Goodenow R. K. 2, Goodenow A. K. Hutchins William, Holmes Ezekiel, Hamilton Jonas, 2, Knight Eliza, Lumber Luther, 2, Noyes William, Norton Tristam, Norris Cyrus B. Oxford Lodge, Secretary, Parsons Henry, R. 2, Pleas Common, Clerk of, Parker Peirpont, Perkins Simeon, Russell Olive, Rawson Orieon, Supreme Court, 2, Shaw Solomon, Straw David R. 2, Pond Simeon, Sessions Court, Clerk, Usher Jefferson, Trait George F. Walker Clarendon, 2, Wellington Alfred, 2, Wheeler Noah.

☞Persons calling for the above letters, will please mention they are advertised. ASA BARTON, *Assistant Post-Master.*

VARIETY.

THE STRANGER AND INHABITANT.

[Written after a winter evening party at West Point.]

[Translation of a piece, which appeared in the Journal Inutile, No. 17.]

Stran. Ah! who is she, so young, so fair,
Whose eyes so sweetly shine,
Whose rich loose locks of auburn hair
In lovely ringlets twine;
With ruby lips and lily brow!
Oh, tell me, if you can,
Who charmed the stranger—gained his vow?
Inhab. Perhaps—'taws Mary Ann.
Stran. She speaks—all bend to hear; her smiles
Cheer like the sky serene;
Strangers reserve she soon beguiles
With amiable mein.
So happy by her side hours fly,
Forget the maid—who can?
Cold is his heart, and dull his eye.
Inhab. It must be Mary Ann.

Stran. Oh! She I mean, tho' fair indeed
In form—has charms of mind
Which far her other charms exceed
In power the heart to bind.
Sweet sentiments—and thoughts that glow
Are her's; say, if you can,
Who is the maid?
Inhab. Stranger, I know,
'Tis surely Mary Ann!

The following good natured lines were received by the printer of a village newspaper, enclosed in an article for publication.

Permit a giddy trifling girl,
For once to fill your poet's corner,
She cares not how the critics snarl,
Or beau or macaronies scorn her,
She longs in print her lines to see:
Oblige her (sure you can't refuse it,)
And if you find her out—your *fee*
Shall be—*to kiss her*—if you choose it.

THE ICE SHIP.

From an old Sea Captain's Manuscript.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was placed in that shuttlecock situation of cabin boy, thereby being the thing on board ship which any and every one had a legitimate right to kick, that our vessel was engaged in a voyage in that worst of wintry seas, the Baltic. The difficulty of obtaining a cargo had delayed our return until the season had advanced so far as to create peril from the ice as well as from tempest. The suffering from cold I well remember, though perhaps my young blood and the collective and disjunctive kicks and cuffs aforesaid served to make my endurance less than that of others—but young as I was, my watch on deck came over often for my somniferous faculties, and the curtailed limits of a monkey jacket kept me dancing and kicking to prevent the freezing effect of the cold and spray. Sometimes in the moonlight would be discovered the tall-ice-berge, moving with the majesty of death, along the moaning deep, like some giant surveying the domain of his empire; again another, almost level with the wave, but extending as far beneath as the other above its surface, would dash into foam the billow as it rolled upon its glittering side—an accumulating rock, the contact with which was instant destruction. The severity of the weather was fast approximating our ship into a miniature resemblance of these Leviathans—the shrouds gathering size each hour from the dashings of the sea, our decks loaded with an unprofitable cargo of ice, and our bows presenting, instead of the sharp angle of the fast sailer, the broad visage of a pugnaceous ram, fronted for the contest.

It was on one of these moonlight evenings, during the severest intensity of the cold, that we made (in sailor phrase) a ship ahead. From a wish to ascertain the truth of his reckoning, or from some other motive with which he did not see fit to entrust so important a personage as myself, our Captain was desirous of speaking her—and knowing the heaviness of his own sailing, ordered a signal gun to be fired, which after much hammering upon the tompions of our guns, and sundry scrapings around our solitary piece of iron ordnance, to say nothing of the quivering hand and expiring coal of our temporary gunner, was accomplished. We were, however, surprised, before this feat was performed, at the proportionable rapidity with which we came up with the stranger—he seemed under shorter sail than ourselves, and when we arrived within hail we observed that some of his sails were very indifferently handed, and with what few were set, he was lying to—every piece of rigging, as high as the fore yard, was swelled to an enormous bulk of ice, and exhibited every prismatic color as it quivered in the moonbeam. The hull of the ship seemed to be incumbered with quadruple the quantity of ice that loaded us—and she resembled throughout, that ship of glass which now decks my mantlepiece. One individual stood at the helm with a *chapeau* that might have been of the shaggy fur of some animal—but it now bristled in points, like a crystal hedge-hog—our vessel was now along side and within a few yards of her, with our maintopsail aback—and our mate with his bully voice, hailed, "what ship is that?"—The helmsman seemed deaf, and made no reply, and the crew (what were on deck) appeared not to understand the lingo of our mate. He again bawled in French—no answer—then with a few English damns, in Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese—but all to no purpose—the helmsman of the stranger seemed too intent on his own business, to regard such petty interruptions. The mate went below to report, and a long consultation was held, wherein the officers of the ship conversed in under tones, and the sailors turned their quids and looked alternately at the stranger and at each other; as for me I thought their silence uncivil and was anxious to hear the command to "fill maintopsail," and run away from a clime where I met with nothing but cross words, hard duty and cold fingers. At last our mate appeared, and ordered the boat hoisted out—and never did I witness a command on board that ship so lazy and reluctantly obeyed—but in spite of delay the thing was to be done, and our second mate, a real dare-devil, was ordered to take a crew and board the stranger, who was now very near us—*in* the crew tardily creeped, and as I was looking, and wondering, being in the second mate's way he tumbled me neck and heels into the boat, and we were ordered to pull away—in a short time we were at the side of the ship, and rowed for the shrouds where a sailor was standing, apparently watching us—I was ordered to throw a rope to him, which I did with great precision, and actually hit the fellow on the head—but still he would not or did not take it, and I was d——d by the second mate for a lubberly fellow, with a superogatory punch with the oar's end on my shoulder—again we rowed up and the second mate tried his skill, with the same success—and I have no doubt that he would have complimented the boorish sailor in the same manner, if he had a similar proximity—a third time the boat was along side and the officer with some difficulty made the warp fast around the enormous shroud and stepped on board followed by the crew who shrunk to his rear.—Among the last I clambered over the slippery side, and with due caution made a stand in the centre of the group who were listening to the colloquy which had commenced on the part of our second officer.

I shall not attempt to give the precise language, which he held towards the helmsman of the strange ship, but it was not the most civil, or such as is often heard in a lady's drawing-room. The amount of it was a sailor's jaw for not answering a hail, and for not taking the warp, concluded by a request to know his latitude and longitude and how certain capes bore their ship—to all of which no reply was made, when I was called upon for a lantern, which I had taken from the boat, and had snugly stowed away under my jacket, keeping both light and heat to myself—a thing by no means difficult as the moonlight rendered its absence unobserved. The 2d mate received it and went aft to observe the countenance of the dumb gentleman at the helm—in his way he stumbled over one man, whom he thought either drunk or asleep, but finally held the lamp to the face of the steersman, which was a shapeless lump of ice—the helm was lashed, his hand upon it, his feet fixed at some depth in the ice, and he himself frozen stiff in his upright position—near him were several of the crew in horizontal and various attitudes from whom life had long since fled. The horror of the scene struck a panic among our boat's crew, and they did not wait for orders to make the best of their way toward the boat. The officer turned round with a countenance of true sailor *sang froid*, wherein there was not a particle of alarm, and ordered them to follow him below—the fear of his enormous fist induced all the rest, and much more especially myself, to obey the order, and we proceeded to the labor of removing the companion way. In the mean time, while I ventured a look at my friend at the shrouds who would not catch the rope whereby I had the effect in a sound blow on the shoulder—he was frozen stiff with his arms around the rigging.—Not being fond of the spectacle, I kept close to the heels of the second mate, as he descended the gangway—in fact we all went "*en masse*," each being very careful to stick close to his neighbor.

At the first part of the cabin sat the Captain with his arms folded, before him pen ink and paper, a thick fur cap on his head, and as the light shone full on his countenance, there was the most fearful look from him cast upon us that ever I witnessed. Years since have passed, but the remembrance is as though the event was but yesterday—it has visited me in dreams. The appearance of his glaring eyes, and distorted features was too much for our superstitious crew—

"Back rolled the tide."

I was thrown down in the turmoil, and no more notice taken of my situation than of my frozen brethren on the deck; they ran over me like a fleck of sheep. The second mate paused a moment, ascertained that the object of their fear had long ceased to exist—took me by the collar, dragged me on deck, doubtless anxious to prevent his boat's crew from leaving him sole officer of the stranger in the extremity of their fright. He found them safely stowed away under the thwarts of the boat, pitched me in like a dead mackerel, and ordered them to cast off and pull for our own ship—great alacrity was shown in this manœuvre, and a few moments brought us back just as the moon was hiding herself behind a cloud and every thing wore the appearance of an approaching gale. Sails were handed with the utmost despatch, the decks cleared, and things in order, as the gale struck us. Egyptian darkness succeeded, and we were driven at ten knots under bare poles. Ever and anon (as the sailors asserted) they could perceive the strange vessel carrying sails under the fury of the tempest, and keeping her position on our weather quarter—and could at intervals hear her roaring after us as she ploughed through the billows.

At sundry times afterwards, during this voyage when we were in warmer latitudes, on beautiful moonlight evenings, we could dimly distinguish the Ice Ship, steering in our wake, glittering in all the pride of awful pomp, apparently pursuing the same course with us though her sails were trimmed as if laying to.—Such a phenomenon was always the prelude of a gale, and it became with us a habit to reef whenever her tall form towered beneath a moonligh sky.

In but one other voyage have I seen her, and then it was in the warm climate of the Indian Ocean many years since—it was on the evening before we wrecked. But successful exertion at last has secured me from situations wherein I might see her, and I now can at my own fireside, tell over past perils, and wish all my brother sailors never to meet, in any latitude, with a full view of the Ice Ship.

TOM SPUNYARN.

From the Asiatic Journal.

The last Will and Testament of Mr. DANIEL MARTINETT, *of Calcutta, in the East Indies.*

In the name of God, Amen.

I, Daniel Martinett, of the town of Calcutta, being in perfect mind and memory, though weak in body, make this my last will and testament. To avoid Latin phrases, as it it a tongue I am not well versed in, I shall speak in plain English.

As to this fulsome carcase, having seen enough of worldly pomp, I desire nothing relative to it to be done, only its being stowed away in my old green chest, to avoid expense; for as I lived profusely, I die frugally.

The undertaker's fees come to nothing, as I won them from him at a game of billiards, in the presence of Thomas Maurice and William Parkes, at the said William Parkes' house in February last. I furthermore request, not only that it is customary, but as I sincerely believe the prayers of the good availeth, and are truly consistent with decency, that the Rev. Mr. Henry Butler read the prayres which are customary at burials, and also preach a funeral sermon the Sunday next after my decease, taking his text from Solomon: "All is Vanity!" In consideration of which, over and above his fees, I bequeath on him all my hypocrisy, which he wants as a modern good man: but as my finances are low, and I cannot conveniently discharge his fees, I hope he will accept the will for the deed.

To Governor Henry Vansittart, Esq. as an opulent man, I leave a discharge of all such sum or sums of money, (the whole not exceeding 300 rupees,) that I shall stand indebted to indigent persons in the town of Calcutta.

To Mr. George Gray, Secretary to the Presidency, I bequeath all my sincerity.

To Mr. Simon Droze, all my modesty.

To Mr. Thomas Forbes, all the assurance which I had when I had taken a cheerful glass, though in fact, a doleful cup.

As I have lived the make-game of a modern gentleman, being a butt for envy, and a mark for malice, by acting a little out of the common road, though, thank God, never in a base way, I hope I may die with sincere love and charity to all men, forgiving all my perecutors as I hope forgiveness from my Creator.

As it lies not in my power to bequeath any thing to my relations at home, I shall say nothing concerning them as they have not for these 6 years past concerned themselves about me; excepting that I heartily wish them all well, and my brothers and sisters may make a more prosperous voyage through this life than I have done.

DANIEL MARTINETT.

Extract of an address before Mountain Lodge, by the Rev. Charles Jenkins.

No member of this institution can enter the place consecrated to its mysteries without being impressively taught lessons of christian morality—without being instructed by a thousand tongues in the great duties of practical piety. He may indeed, close his eyes upon the instructive scene with which he is encompassed. He may refuse to listen to the monitors, that gather around, and invite him with silent eloquence along the paths of pleasantness and peace. While standing in this temple of wisdom, he may remain heedless of the jewels with which it is adorned, and forget the pillars by which it is supported. But its decorations are not the less comely, nor are its supports the less stable, because they are disregarded by some who gain access to its hallowed inclosure.

No! whatever the unworthy may think, and whatever proof they may furnish by their life and example, of the immoral influence of Masonry, all its principles are pure and entirely beneficial in their tendency. They aim to elevate and adorn the human character. They labor to inspire men with the noblest sentiments and with the noblest feelings. Let then, my brethren of the Masonic family, yield themselves more entirely to the sway of their principles. Such principles will carry them far in the way of duty. Giving themelves up to the genuine tendency of their particular tenets, they will be sure not to be carried far from the path of safety. And let my christian brethren cease to suspect in Masonry, an enemy to our holy religion. Genuine Masonry is not an enemy, but a friend to all the sublime hopes, confidences, and consolations of christian piety.

No one has love and veneration for Masonry more deep and commanding than mine. It is a sublime institution. It was originated by lofty powers of mind. All its parts are stamped with the grandeur of these powers. It is a light which was struck up in the midst of darkness by the concurrent energies of such minds as are given to the world, only at the long intervals of distant ages. *But it is not a divine institution.* It did not like christianity come down from heaven, planned in the counsels of eternal love. No miraculous displays of the Godhead—no invisible transforming power attended its introduction. It arose and sent abroad its light over broad regions of moral night and along the flight of succeeding ages. Congenial minds gathered around it; and cheered, and warmed by its influence, diffused wider and wider the glow of a generous and ennobling philanthropy. It has dried up the tears, calmed the solicitude, and soothed the anguish of grief, of want and distress. It has abated national animosities and mitigated the horrors of contending armies—for it has made man, a brother to man.

ANECDOTAL.

Two country lawyers, one named Cobb and the other Wood, disagreed very much in their religious tenets. One morning they met, and Mr. Wood asked Mr. Cobb, 'what news in the lower regions?' They want more woon there,' says Cobb. 'You may tell them for the want of woon they must burn cobbs,' said the other.

An apothecary reproached an attorney with the number of strange words which the law indulged in, and among others, asked, what was meant by the words 'docking an entail.' 'Why, doctor,' replied the lawyer, 'it is doing what you will not do with your patents; it is *suffering a recovery.*'

A lady, ronged very highly, inquired of a gentleman, under the idea of indisposition, how he thought she looked. The latter replied, 'I really cannot tell, Madam, except you *uncover* your face.'

A poor negro, who was near his end, was once questioned by a neighboring clergyman as to the state of his mind. His replies were all very well, until he came to the article of forgiveness, "Me forgib ebery body," said he, "but Sam N." "But can you not forgive him?" "Wy, yes, if me die, me forgib him, but if me libe to git well, me hit him anoder knock."

Old Hunter had a great aversion to bald headed, women, and used to declare, that if he after marriage, discovered that the lady, whom he had married, had deceived him by false locks, he would part with her. 'No,' said Baillie, in his broad accent, 'I wad rather advise ye to *adhere*, (add hair) to her.'

☞TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully requests all persons indebted to him, to make immediate payment; and gives notice, that all demands (special contracts excepted,) unpaid on the first day of May next, will be left with an attorney for collection.

EBENEZER HOBBS.

Norway, April 10th, 1825. 3w 41*

BUCKFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence *Monday, the eighteenth day of April next.* No pains will be spared that scholars may become thorough in the various branches to which they may attend.

March 14, 1825. 38 eop3w.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

☞Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Feb. 15.——tf 34

FOR SALE,

At No. 3, Maine Row, by the subscriber,

POTASH KETTLES,

of a superior quality from the New-Hampshire Iron Factory Company, (at Franconia) which he offers for sale at a fair price and on liberal credit.

ALPHEUS SHAW.

Portland, March 24, 1825. 33

WANTED

TO take as an apprentice, a good Boy, about 16 years of age, to work at the Blacksmith business; to whom a good chance will be given.

None need to apply but one that can come well recommended, and one of good habits.

ROBERT HILBOURN, 3d.

Hebron, April 2, 1825. 40 3w

To the Hon. Justices of the Court of Sessions next to be holden at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1824:

THE PETITION of the subscribers, respectfully represents, that there is wanting a new Highway within said County, to begin at the Eastwardly line of Township Number four, on the Coos road, so called; thence running Northwardly through said Number four, to the town of Weld; thence through said Weld Northwestwardly to the town of Berlin; thence continuing said course through said Berlin to Plantation numbered eight; thence through said number Eight to the town of Andover, and through the said Town to Andover Surplus; thence through the same and through Townships C. & B. all in said County of Oxford, to New Hampshire line, where the Coos road, so called, now strikes the same.

Wherefore, your Petitioners pray that your Honors will proceed in the premises as according to law may be necessary, and cause the same road to be established as a public Highway.

ENOCH LINCOLN, *and others.*

October 1, 1824.

Copy. Attest, R. K. Goodenow, *Clerk.*

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:— *Court of Sessions,* } *October Term, A. D. 1824.* }

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the Petitioners give notice of the same by publishing said Petition, and this order of Court thereon, three weeks successively in the Eastern Argus, printed at Portland, and in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, and by serving on each of the Clerks of the towns of Weld, Berlin and Andover, and of Plantations Nos. 8 & 4, if such Clerks there be, a copy of said Petition and of this order thereon—the services and last publication as aforesaid to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court, to be holden at Paris, in and for said County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer thereof should not be granted.

Attest, R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

Copy. Attest, R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land, in the town of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, who have not paid their State, County, Town, School, and Highway taxes, returned for the year 1824, so much of their land, as will pay said taxes, with incidental charges, will be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling house of MOSES F. KIMBALL, Esq. in Rumford, on *Monday, the sixteenth day of May next*, at ten of the clock in the forenoon.

No. Lots.	No. Division.	No. Acres.	Value.	State, & County taxes.	Highway taxes.	School and Town taxes.
			$ c	c	c	c
NORTH GREAT RIVER.						
26	2	100	112	15		33
30	2	100	112	15		33
31	2	100	125	17	31	33
40	2	100	125	17		33
52	2	100	112	15		33
56	2	100	112	15		33
58	2	100	175	24	64	53
60	2	100	125	17	63	33
96	2	100	80	11	42	24
99	2	100	200	27		60
104	2	100	200	27		60
SOUTH GREAT RIVER.						
7	2	100	80	11	42	24
3	1	30	70	11		22
WEST ELLIS RIVER.						
12	1	60	150	20	67	45
27	1	30	200	27		60
EAST ELLIS RIVER.						
2	1	40	80	11		24
2	1	10	60	11		24
17	3	70	50	7		15
32	3	65	50	7	25	15
37	3	50	50	7	25	15
38	3	50	50	7		15
42	3	70	50	7	25	15
44	3	70	50	7	25	15
48	3	244	50	7		15
51	3	65	50	7	25	15
58	3	87	50	7		15
60	3	87	50	7		15
64	3	62	50	7		15
79	3	69	50	7	25	15
81	3	92	50	7	25	15
86	3	89	50	7	25	15
93	3	112	50	7	25	15
97	3	71	50	7	25	15
99	3	71	50	7	25	15
108	3	77	50	7	25	15
109	3	77	50	7	25	15

COLMAN GODWIN,
Collector of Rumford.

Rumford, April 2, 1825.